

chair. She walks to the bathroom, hesitates for a moment, and finally walks in, closing the door.

Superman's head pops up over the windowsill and he looks into the deserted kitchen. He crawls in the window, sees the paper on the chair, snatches it up and flies out the window.

CLIENTELE

-- for Len Durso

Wesley wakes up in his bed and looks around the room. The same as every morning. Nothing out of the usual for Wesley. His life has always gone that familiar, middle of the road line. Nothing to fear, nothing to hide. Good old. Dependable. Wesley the Responsible. Thorough. Always There Wesley. You can count on him. He ties his orange tie in the mirror and combs his hair. He walks into the kitchen and breaks two eggs, sunnyside up, into a frying pan. The same pan every morning. The same kitchen. The same Wesley. One of the eggs says, "Hello," to Wesley. The other says, "Goodbye." Wesley burps. Too much spaghetti last night. There is a knock at the door. Wesley stands still. The knock repeats. God, Wesley moans to himself, I hope it's not one of my clients, not this early in the morning. He stands by the hissing eggs.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE WEST COAST

I stole the directions
from a one armed,
unemployed Indian scout
for 24 joints and a Mars bar.
He had never seen chocolate
before.

-- Joel Dailey

Endicott NY

My daughter tells me she may be pregnant. "How's that?" I ask, and am instantly sorry, because she reels off figures, facts and dates that only a statistician could comprehend.